



DEFIANT.

11

\$2.50

\$3.50 CANADA

WARRIOR OF PLASM



opham, OCLAIR

4

HONOR AND GLORY!

SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE IMAGINARY LIMITS OF REALITY AT THE HEART OF A LIVING WORLD ITS INHABITANTS CALL THE ORG OF PLASM...

...LORCA, EMPEROR OF THE ORG, AND TWO NEW JERSEYANS WHO HAVE BEEN GENETICALLY RE-ENGINEERED INTO SUPER-HUMANS...

...FACE OFF AGAINST ANOTHER EARTH MAN, ONE CHARLES MAL, WHO ALSO POSSESSES VAST POWER...

...PERHAPS UNIMAGINABLE POWER...

GLORY!
WELL...I'VE NEVER BEATEN AN OLD WOMAN TO DEATH BEFORE, BUT...LADIES FIRST!

THANK GOD YOU'RE BACK, GLORY! YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE DAMAGE HE'S DONE! HE TRICKED ME INTO HELPING HIM STEAL THE SOUL FROM THE HEART OF THE ORG!

THE SOUL?
I...SUPPOSE A LIVING PLANET WOULD HAVE ONE, BUT...HOW COULD HE POSSIBLY...?

UH, MARTIN,
TELL ME LATER. FIRST,
LET'S STOP THIS EVIL MAN
AND PUT THINGS RIGHT.

WE MUST RESTORE THE SOUL OF THE ORG!

PLOT BY JIM SHOOTER
AND DAVID LAPHAM

WRITTEN BY JIM SHOOTER
WITH KEN GALE

LAYOUTS BY
DAVID LAPHAM

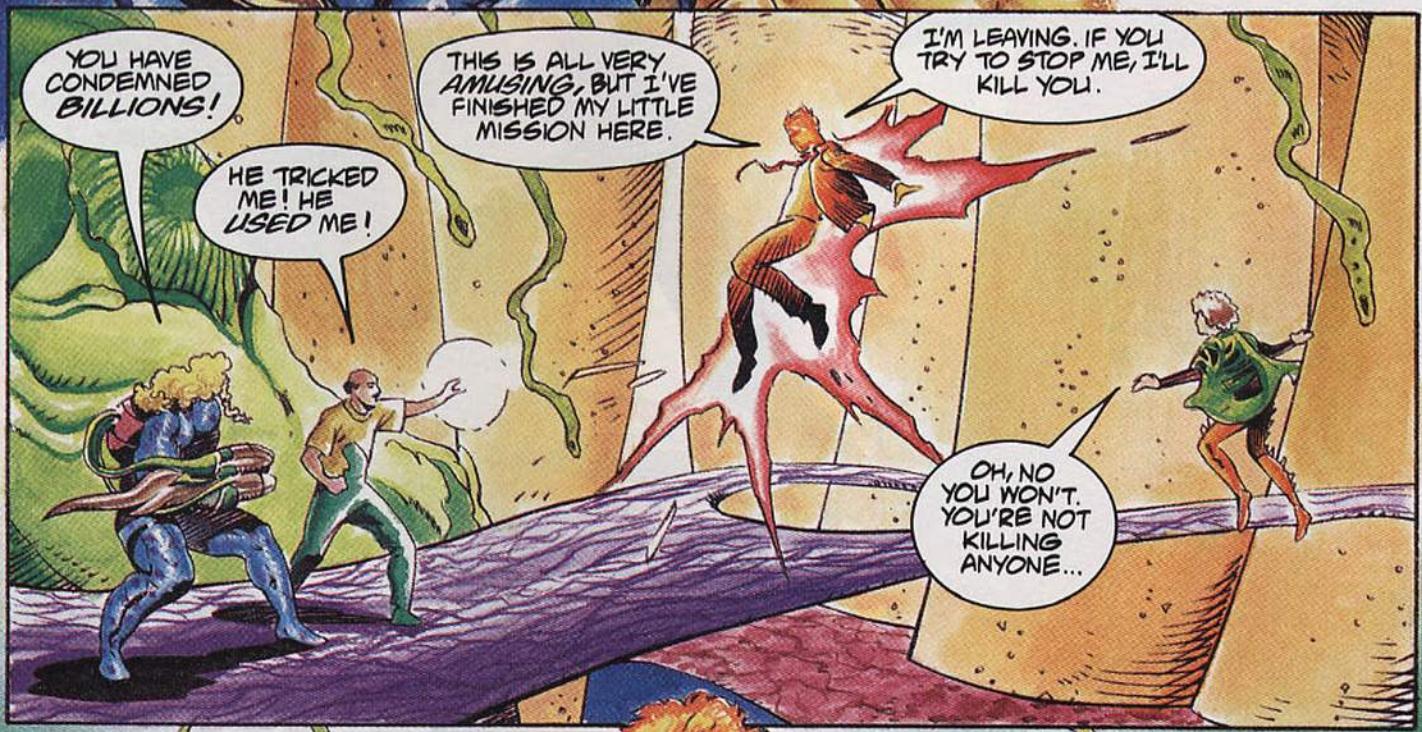
FINISHED PENCILS
BY TIM ELDRED

INKED BY YURGO
TASIOPoulos

PAINTED BY
BRIAN MOYER

LETTERED BY
CLEM ROBINS

EDITED BY
PAULINE WEISS



YOU KNOW, WE'VE NEVER BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED. I KNOW YOUR FRIENDS CALL YOU GLORY...

I'M CHARLES.
FOR SOME REASON
MY BUSINESS
ASSOCIATES CALL
ME CHASM.

THERE. IT COSTS NOTHING TO BE POLITE.

OMW!



ORG'S BILE!
HE HURT
GLORY!
I...DIDN'T
THINK
THAT WAS
POSSIBLE!

HE MADE A
MISTAKE,
THOUGH. I
CAN GATHER
UP THE
POWER HE
USED AGAINST
HER...ALL THAT
BRILLIANT
ENERGY...

COME
HERE,
HAG!

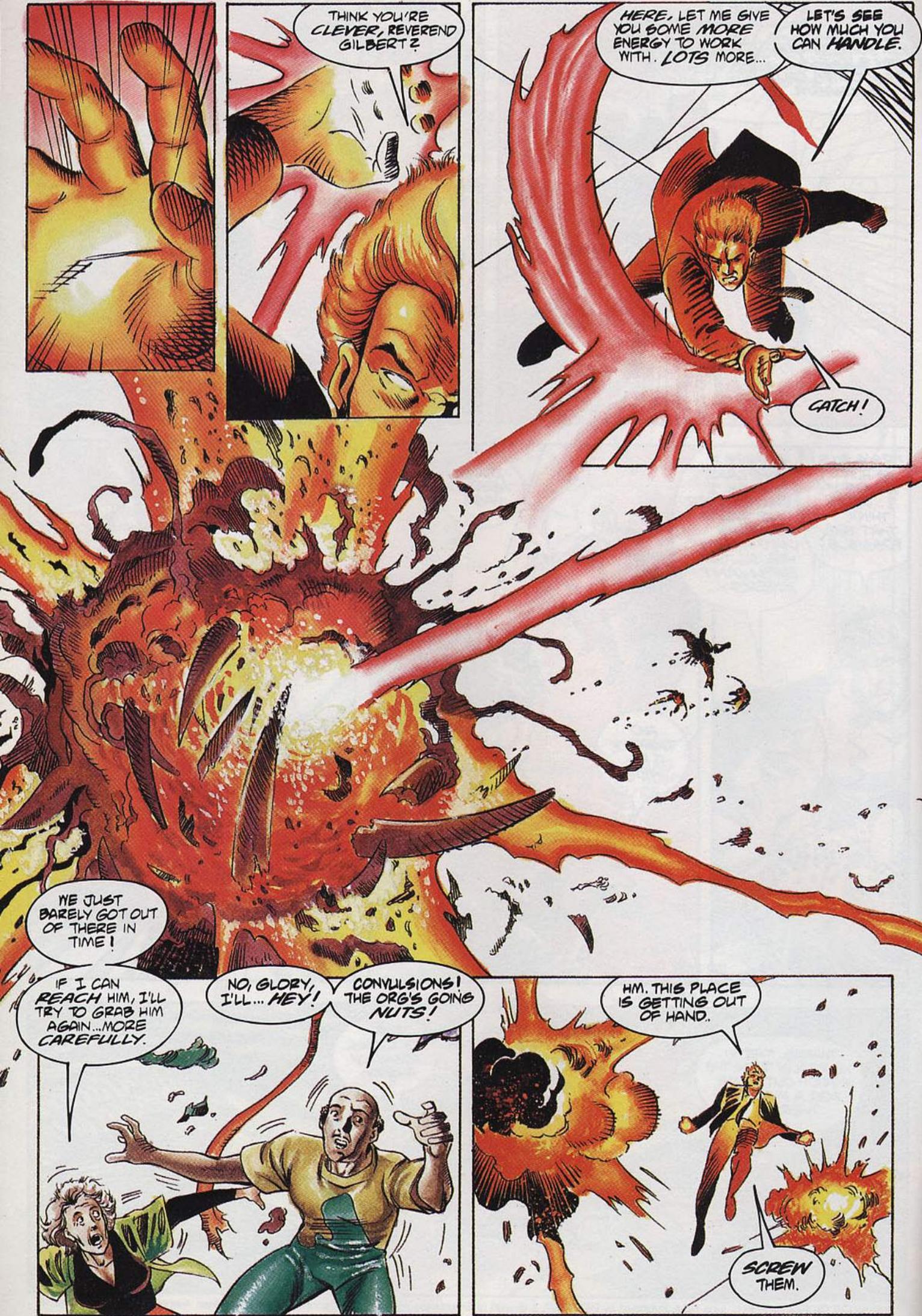


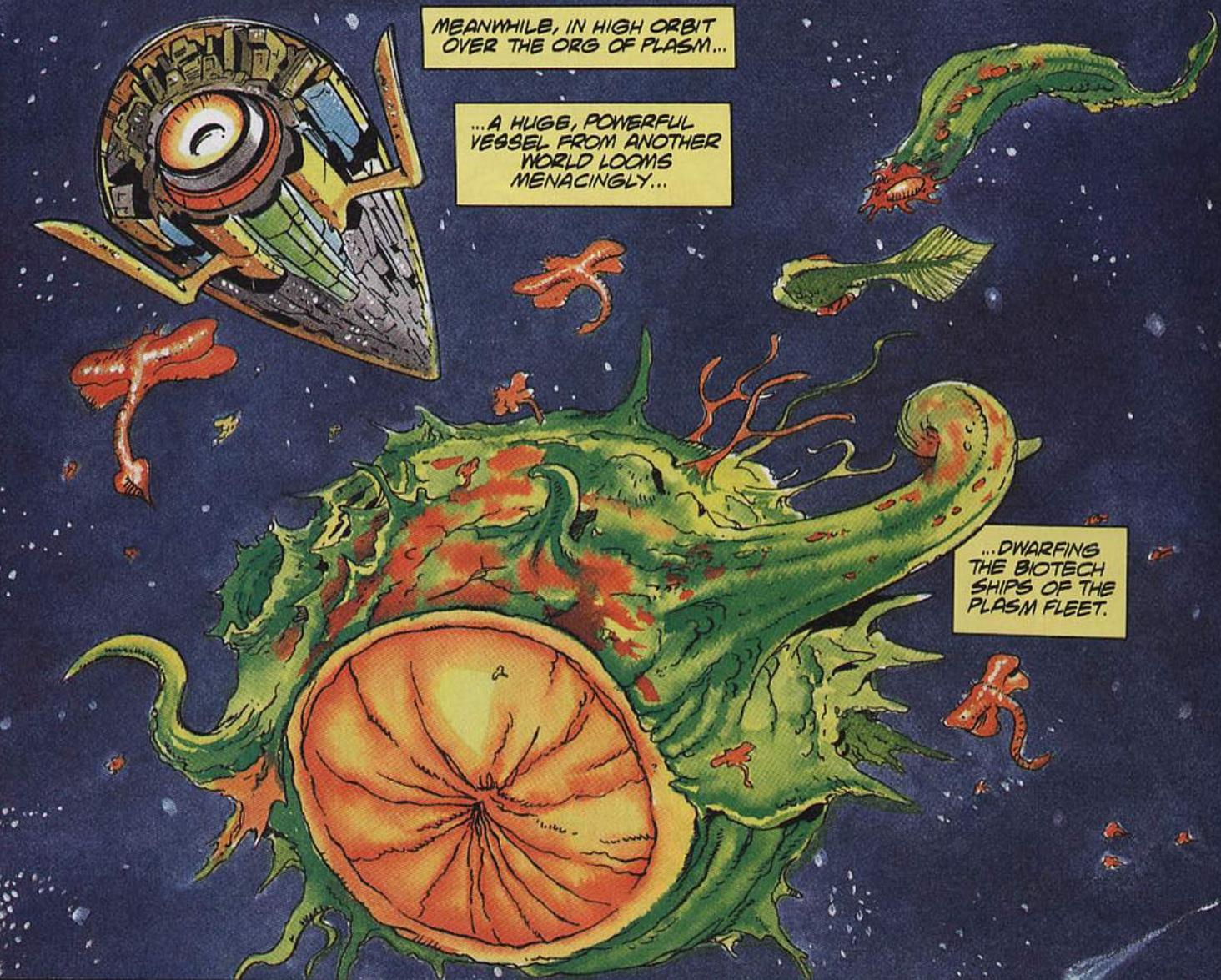
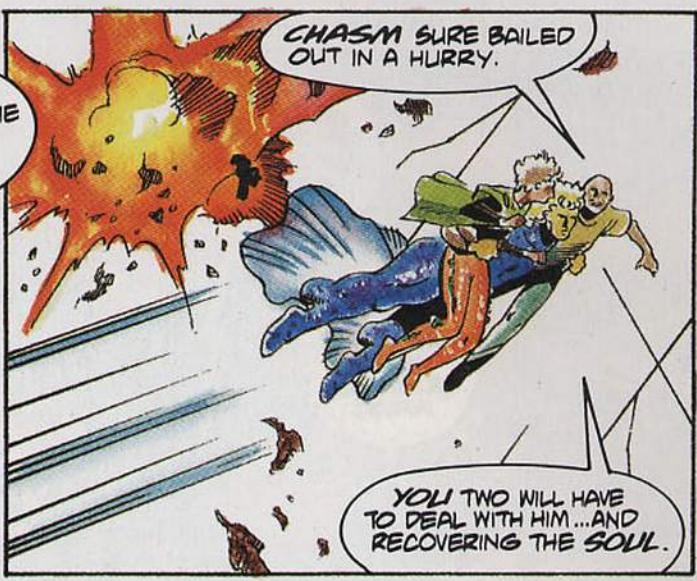
THANKS, MARTIN.
HE REALLY TOOK THE
STARCH OUT OF ME
FOR A MINUTE,
THERE.

UH-OH.
HE'S COMING
BACK...

...AND
HE LOOKS...
REALLY
ANGRY.







ON THE BRIDGE OF THE ALIEN SHIP...

OUR SIGNAL IS BEING ANSWERED BY THE MASTER OF THE PLASMOID FLEET, HIGH NAVARCH.

LORD LEVIATHAN HERE. STATE YOUR BUSINESS, INFIDEL.

THANK YOU FOR RESPONDING, LORD LEVIATHAN. I AM NAVARCH OBOUR.

WE FIND IT ESPECIALLY TROUBLING THAT IT HAS DEVELOPED SEVERAL IMMENSE APPENDAGES, OR TENTACLES, THAT WE BELIEVE POSSESS OFFENSIVE POTENTIAL.

AS YOU KNOW, LORD LEVIATHAN, OUR PLENIPOTENTIARY AND HER ENTOURAGE ARE CURRENTLY ON--OR IN, I SUPPOSE--YOUR WORLD TO CONDUCT NEGOTIATIONS.

YOUR WORLD IS EXPERIENCING SPECTACULAR UPHEAVALS. IT SEEMS TO BE UNDERGOING A TRANSFORMATION.

IF YOU PLAN HOSTILE ACTION, PLEASE INFORM US AT ONCE, SO WE MAY WITHDRAW OUR DELEGATION AND TAKE STEPS TO DEFEND OURSELVES.

HIGH NAVARCH! THEIR SHIPS ARE MOVING INTO ATTACK FORMATION.

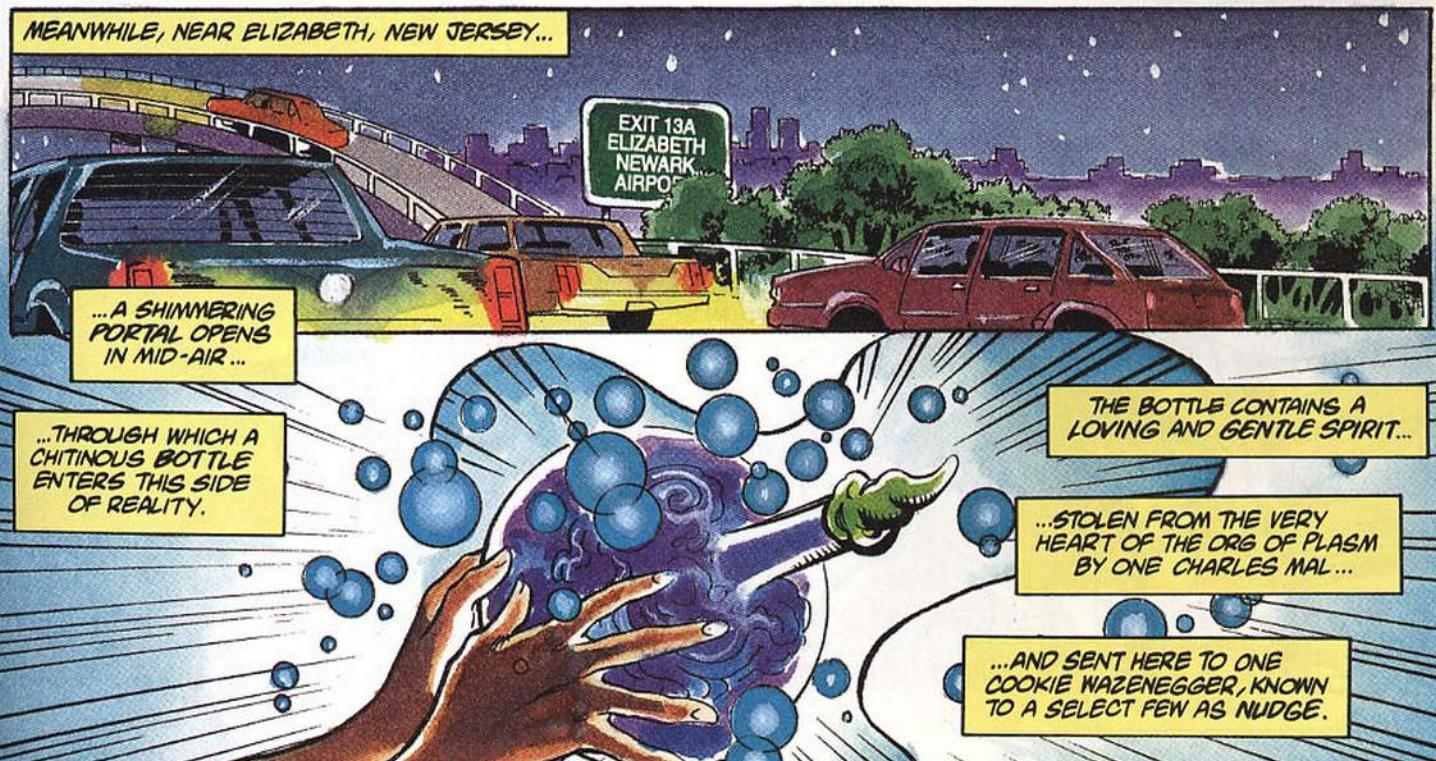
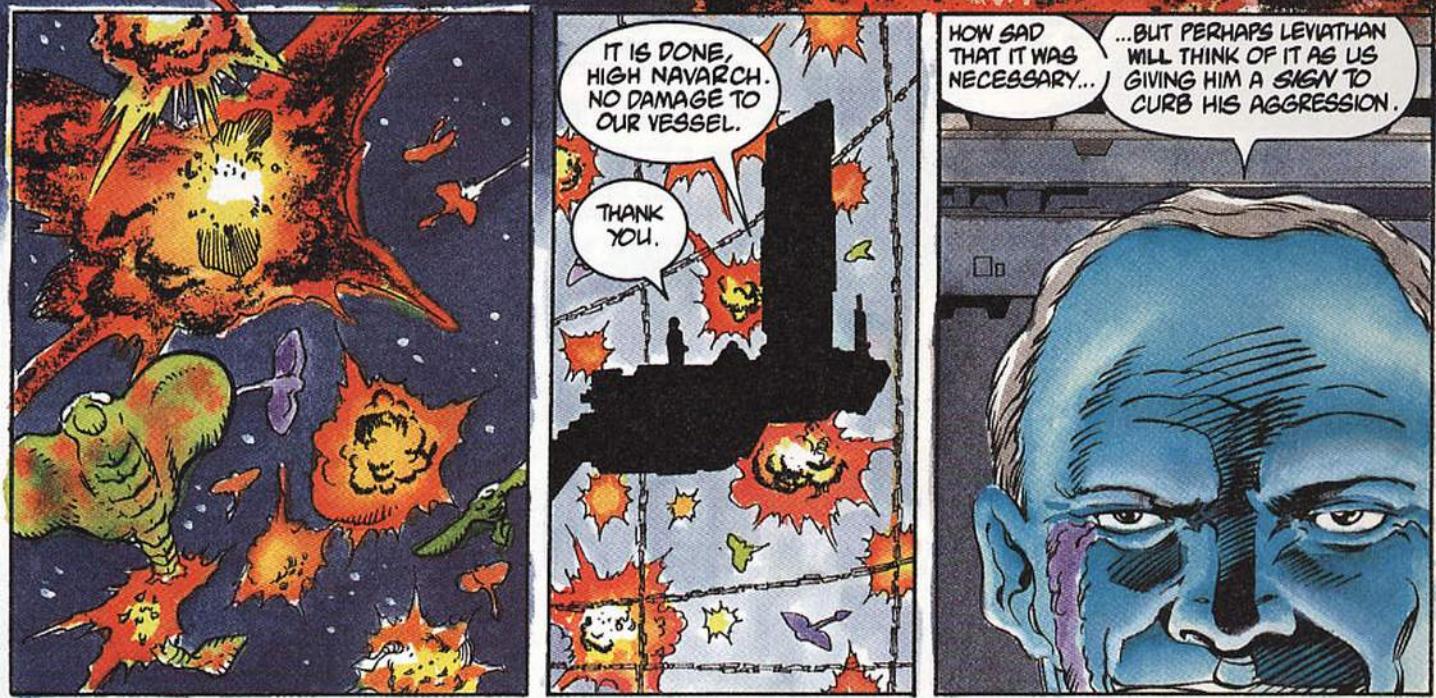
STUPID OTHERWORLD INFIDEL. THE ORG WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS; ITS WILL IS ITS OWN.

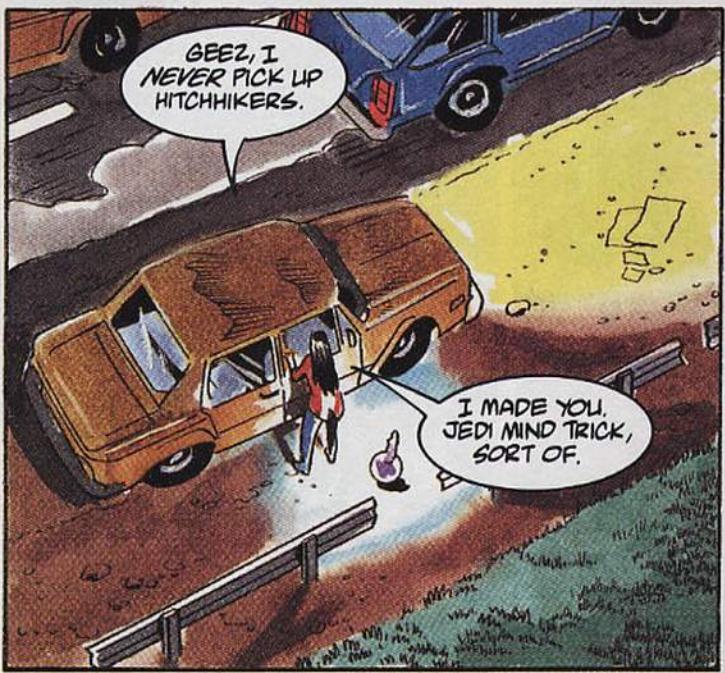
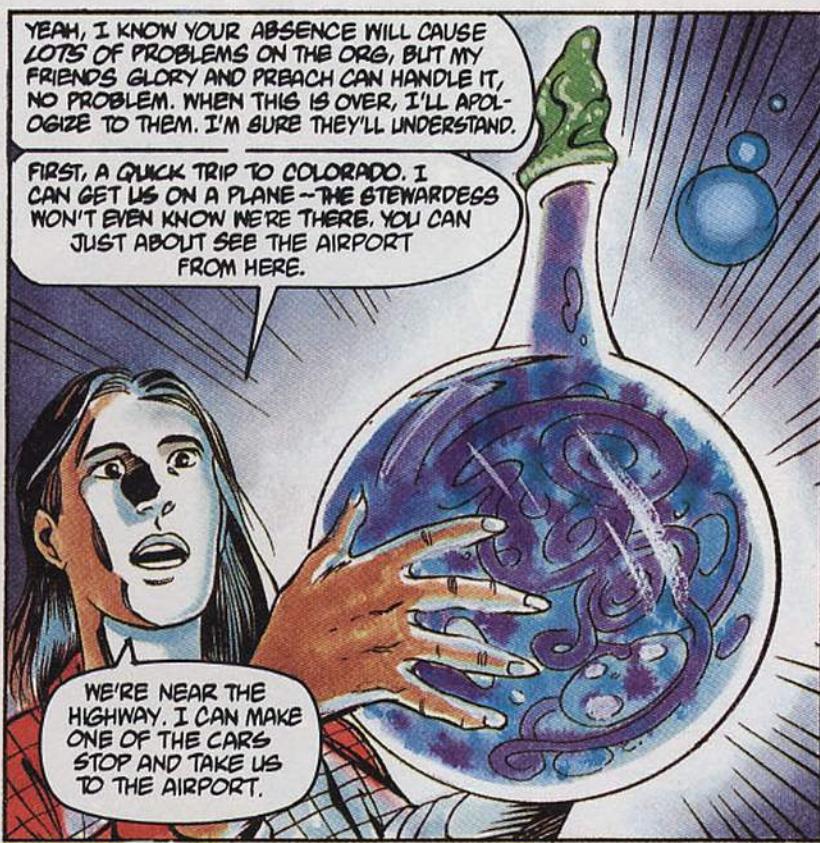
I'D HOPED TO AVOID THIS...

VAPORIZIZE EVERY AGGRESSOR VESSEL WITHIN ONE PLANETARY DIAMETER.

PERHAPS IT IS GIVING US A SIGN TO SWEEP YOUR ANNOYING VESSEL FROM ITS SKY-SPACE.

MY ADVICE TO YOU IS MOVE BACK LEVIATHAN OUT.





MEANWHILE, AS UPHEAVALS WREAK HAVOC THROUGHOUT THE ORG OF PLASM...

THIS MUST
BE ONE OF THE
UPPER LEVELS
...FINALLY!

THIS WHOLE PLACE
IS GOING NUTS! I...
CAN EVEN FEEL IT IN
MY MIND! THIS TUR-
MOIL IS PSYCHIC AS
WELL AS PHYSICAL.

GOT TO GET OUT
OF HERE. NEED TO FIND
ONE OF THOSE LITTLE
TRANSPORTER THINGS
...GET BACK TO NEW
YORK.

OW, MY
HEAD IS
KILLING
ME!

WHY DID
I EVER COME
HERE?

WHY... DID
I COME
HERE?

THAT WOMAN... MUDGE
...SENT ME HERE...

WAIT
A MINUTE.
NOBODY
"SENDS" ME
ANYWHERE!
I DON'T DO
ERRANDS
FOR PEOPLE.

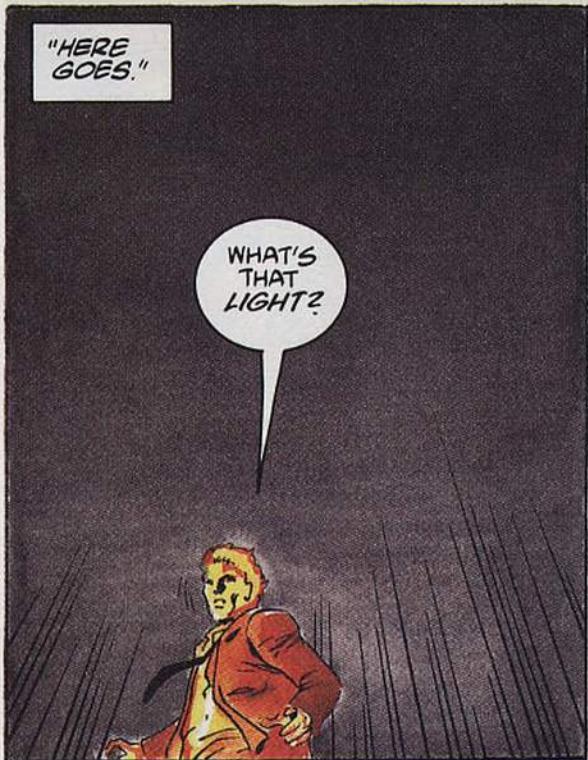
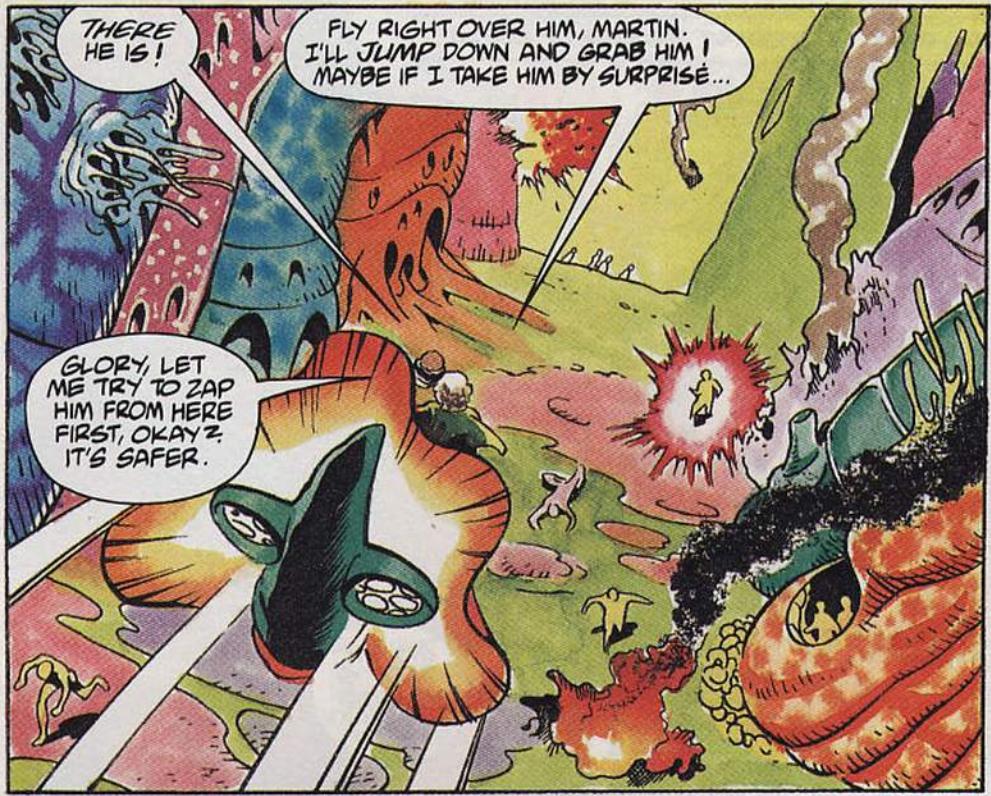
SHE DID
SOMETHING
TO MY MIND...

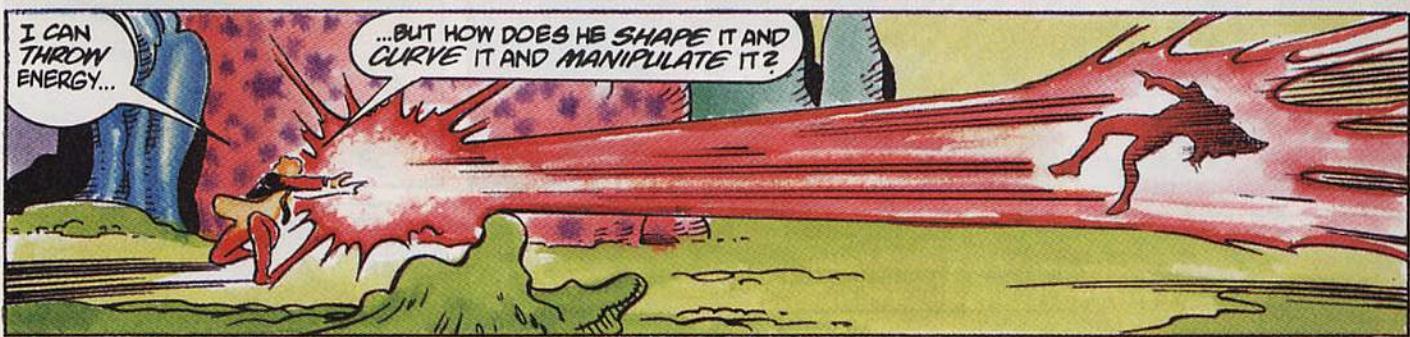
...BUT THE FOG... IS STARTING TO CLEAR...

I'LL
KILL
HER!

OH... I SEE IT NOW! I
REMEMBER! BUT...
THIS PSYCHIC STORM,
ALL THIS PAIN, CLEARED
HER OUT OF MY MIND!

THANKS, ORG, I
NEEDED THAT!





MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE THE GROUNDSKIN
OF THE ORG'S PLEXUS CAVITY...



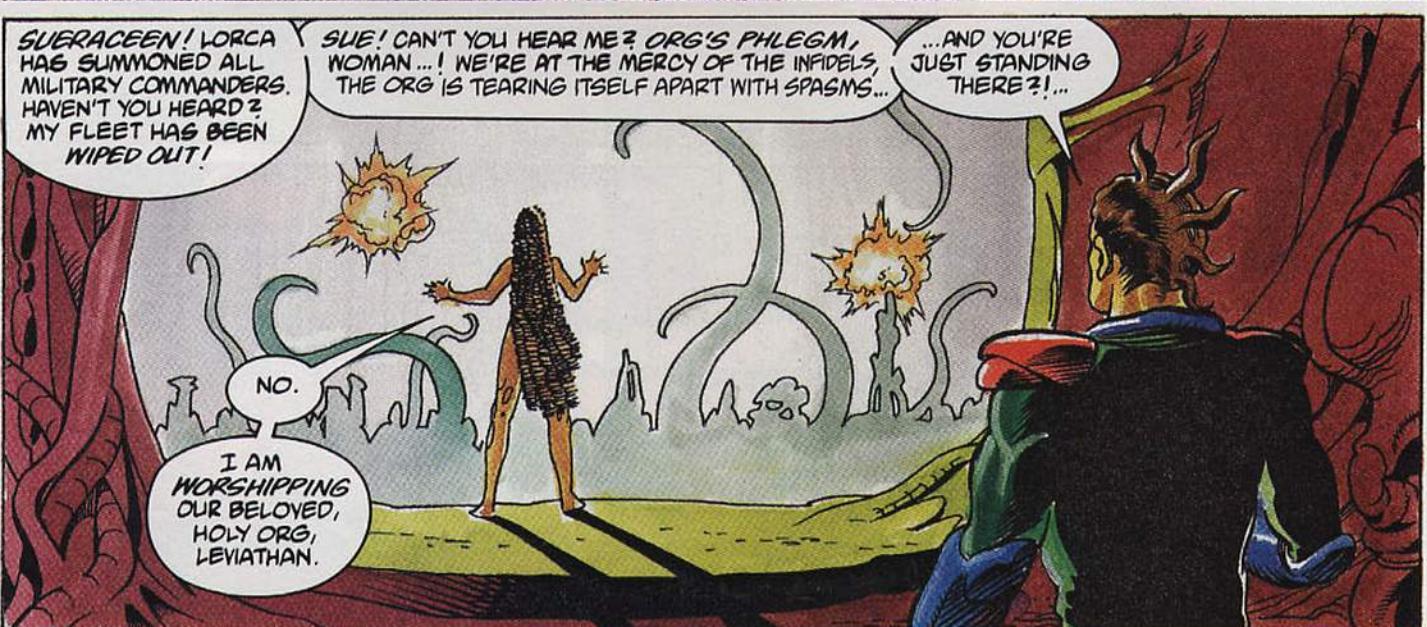
...IN THE ANTRUM OF HIGH GORE
LORD SVERACEEN, SUPREME
COMMANDER OF THE ARMIES OF
THE ORG...



SVERACEEN! LORCA
HAS SUMMONED ALL
MILITARY COMMANDERS.
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD?
MY FLEET HAS BEEN
WIPE OUT!

SUE! CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? ORG'S PHLEGM,
WOMAN...! WE'RE AT THE MERCY OF THE INFIDELS,
THE ORG IS TEARING ITSELF APART WITH SPASMS...

...AND YOU'RE
JUST STANDING
THERE?!



DON'T YOU SEE?
THE ORG IS ANGRY!
ITS RIGHTEOUS WRATH
AND HUNGER ARE
AROUSED!

I KNEW THE HOLY ORG
WOULD NOT TOLERATE
LORCA'S FOOLISH PACIFISM
FOR LONG.

THE ORG SHOWS
US ITS WILL,
LEVIATHAN, AND
IF THE ORG ITSELF
IS WITH US... WHO
CAN STAND
AGAINST US!



MEANWHILE, IN THE PLEXUS CAVITY'S VAST PLASMALL...

WHERE DOES HE GET ALL THIS ENERGY?

BE CAREFUL, MARTIN ! IT REALLY HURT ME...SO I'M AFRAID IT WOULD VAPORIZATE YOU.



STUPID HAG ! YOU SHOULD HAVE QUIT WHILE YOU WERE AHEAD !

HOW DO PEOPLE GET LIKE YOU ? YOU'RE JUST HORRIBLE, YOUNG MAN ! I WISH I COULD SPEAK TO YOUR MOTHER !

I'LL ARRANGE IT ! SHE'S DEAD, AND YOU'LL SOON JOIN HER !

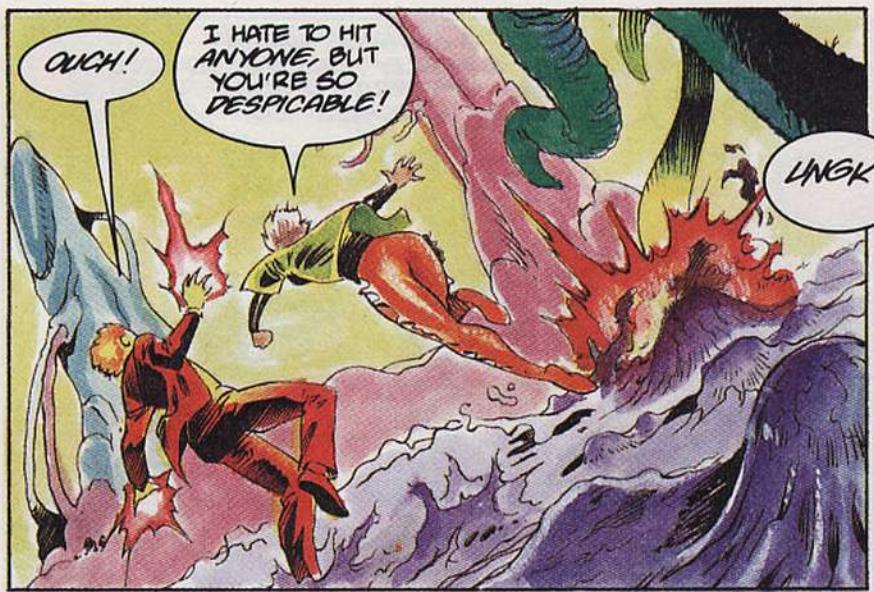


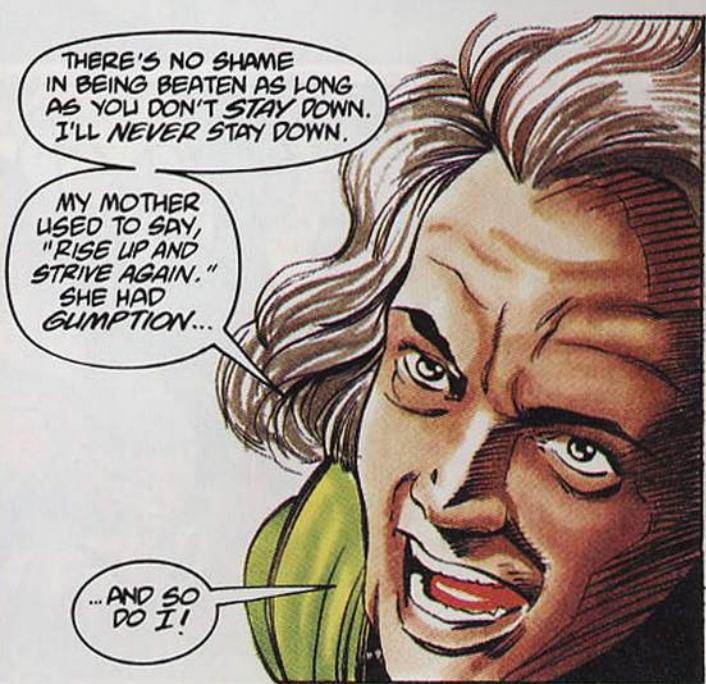
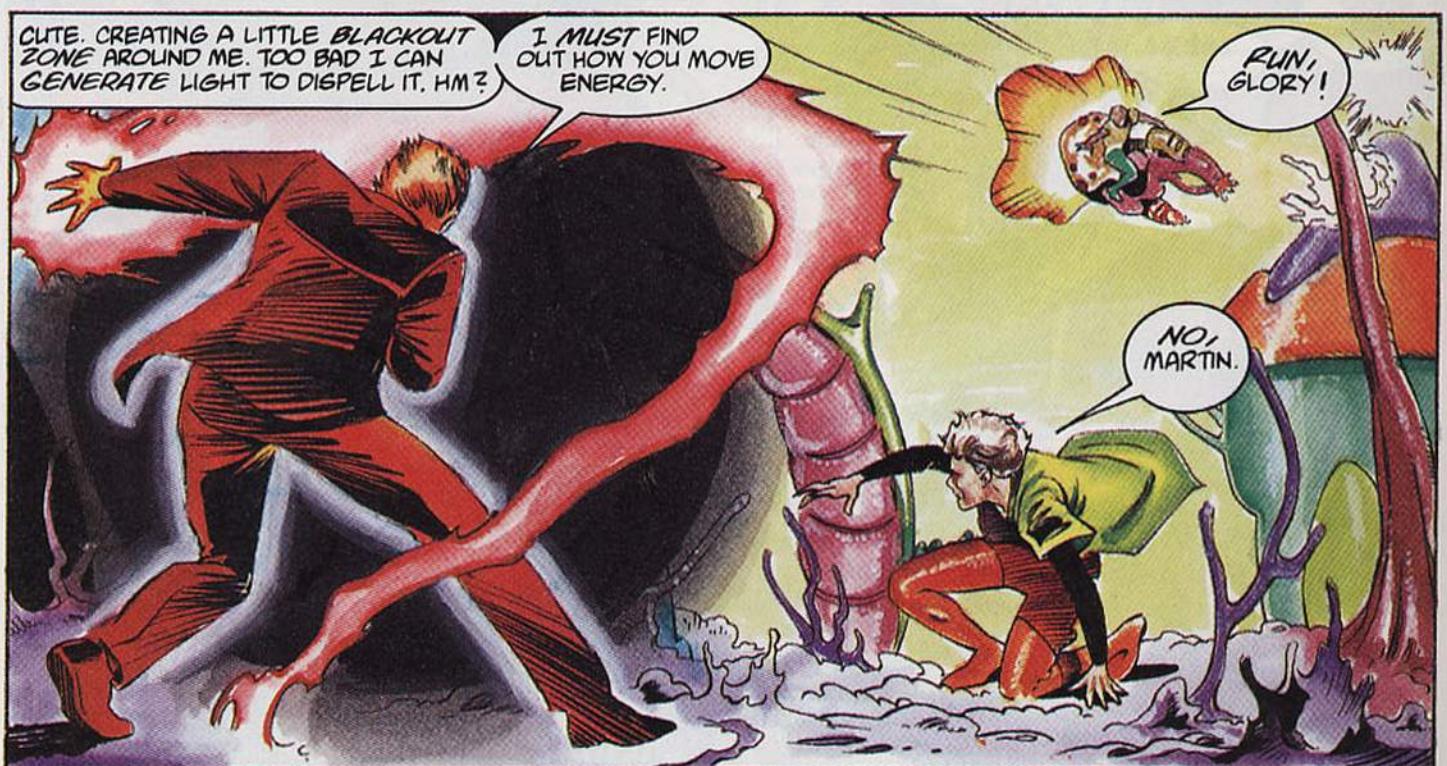
I MURDERED HER, TOO, BY THE WAY !

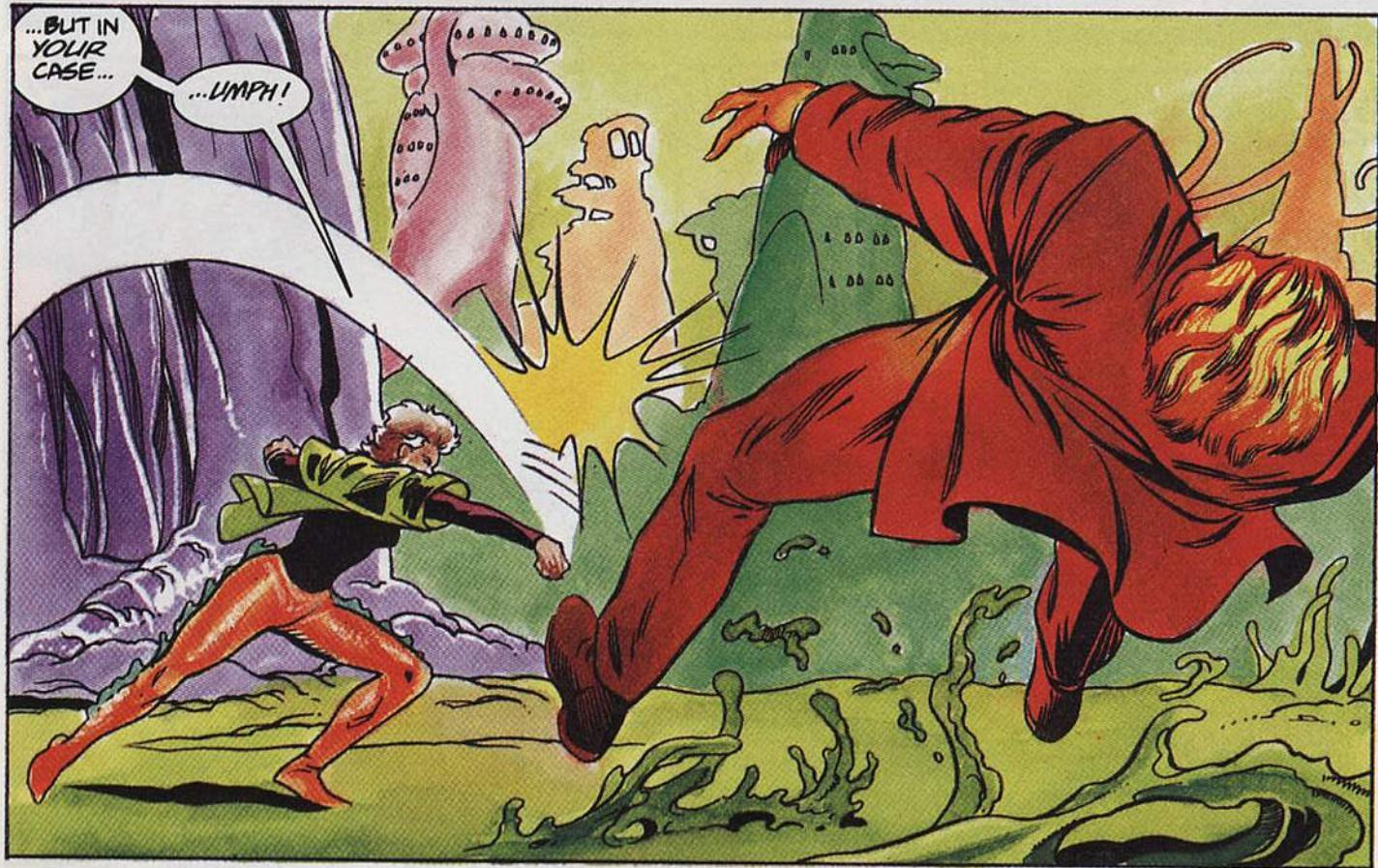
AHH !

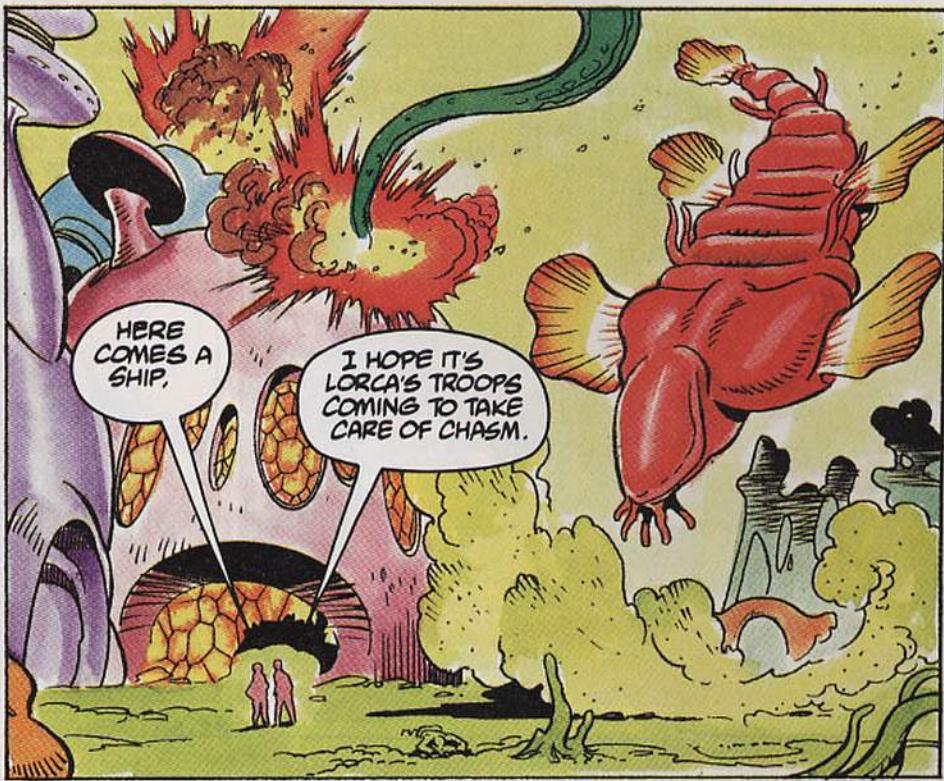
YOU...YOU'RE ROTTEN TO THE CORE !

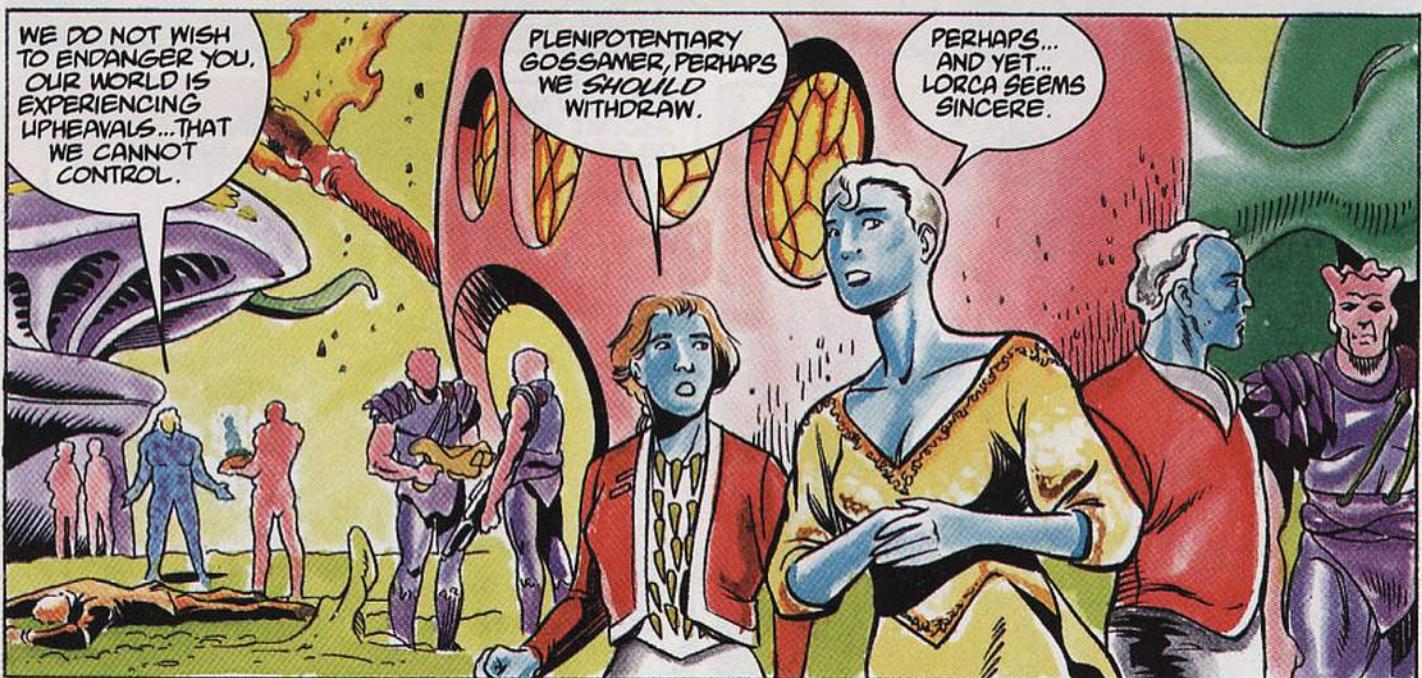
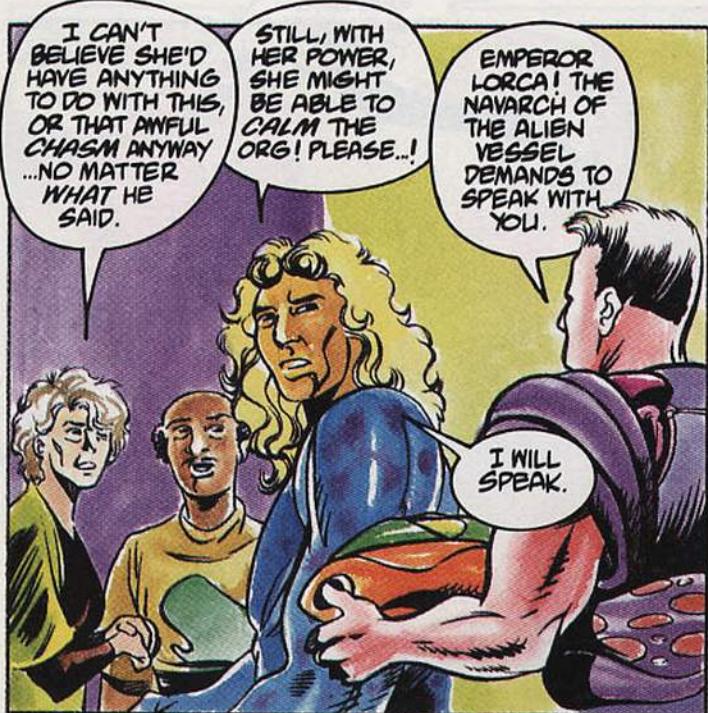












AT THAT
MOMENT...

"THE TENTACLES ARE
MOVING TOWARD US,
SIR. CLOSING FAST!"

"VAPORIZ
THEM."

"MOVE IN. PREPARE
TO DEPLOY THE
EXTRACTION TEAM."

